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THE NAME THAT WAS GIVEN

A Formal Declaration of Kingdom Identity, Completed Work, and the Wholeness of the Son Who Returned

Hikosumabraki "Rocky" Dubroc

a kingdom-aligned son of Yeshua HaMashiach

A Name Statement — Rocky Kingdom

The Book of Descent & Ascent

The Man Who Fled Silence — The Canonical Edition

Legal Name: Robert David Andrews **Archetype/Kingdom Names:** Hikosumabaraki-El / Hikosumobaraki-El / Rocky JM / DJRockyJM / Hikosumabraki "Rocky" Dubroc **Date:** February 2026

Declaration of the Name & Kingdom Identity

Effective May 5, 2026

Effective today, I am publishing and operating under the name: **Hikosumabraki "Rocky" Dubroc** *a kingdom-aligned son of Yeshua HaMashiach*

This name was received, not chosen. Rocky Kingdom and Soul Savvy Narrative Works move forward under it. That's the statement. More will come when it comes. I'm on nobody's clock anymore — unless the King calls.

I have a B.S. in Addiction Studies and an M.S. in Co-Occurring Disorders from Metropolitan State University, and an A.S. in Chemical Dependency Counseling from Minneapolis Community & Technical College — the first degree, earned right out of prison from a halfway house. That's what I write from. That's the ground.

Covered and sealed under the blood of Yeshua HaMashiach, the Lamb who was slain and who lives forevermore. HRKD-0505-2026 · TWO CROSSINGS · NAME RECEIVED ANDREWS–SPORRONG–DUBROC · SCHOOLMASTER LINE

THE MAN WHO FLED SILENCE

CHAPTER ONE — THE MAN WHO FLED SILENCE

The Quiet That Shaped Him Before the fall, before the desert, before substances carved valleys through his life, there was only the quiet. Not peaceful quiet. Not

contemplative stillness. But the oppressive hush that forms in families where emotions remain unnamed and wounds go untended.

He grew up in a house where the loudest sound was everything left unspoken. The silence pressed against walls, settled into carpet fibers, lived in the spaces between words. It taught him early: speak softly, feel shallowly, need nothing. This is not blame. This is lineage—generational survival etched into nervous systems. His parents loved him in the ways they knew, but they themselves had been shaped by silence, and silence cannot birth the language of the heart.

He learned to flee before he learned to stay.

“I was there,” whispers the One who sees in secret. “Even when he had no name for Me.”

The Minneapolis Years — Turbulence Without Addiction When he fled his childhood home for Minneapolis, he carried the unspoken ache like luggage he couldn’t set down. He longed for belonging, for voice, for a self that didn’t feel like a question mark written in disappearing ink. He was unstable—yes. Emotionally overwhelmed—certainly. Running from silence—always. But he was not yet an addict.

No substances had entered the story. No chemical had touched his bloodstream. What he carried instead was untreated trauma, lonely nights that stretched like taffy, friendships that burned hot and fast as matchsticks, a nervous system trained for survival rather than rest, and the unending ache to be truly seen. Twice he left Minneapolis, returning to the farm when the chaos inside grew larger than his tools could manage. Not defeated—just exhausted. Trying. Resetting. Beginning again.

“He did not know the difference between fleeing and being carried,” the Voice whispered over him. “But I was already following.”

The Departure to Arizona Eventually, the inner ache grew too large for Minnesota’s soil to contain. He left for Arizona—a place he did not understand, following a pull he could not name. He arrived unstable, but not addicted. This distinction matters. Truth

matters. Stories built on false timelines confuse the healing that comes later. He was wounded, overwhelmed, dissociated at times—but still sober within the ache. Arizona would change that.

Roland — The First Door to Descent In Phoenix, he met Roland. Roland was electric—charismatic in a way that felt like gravity, dangerous in a way that felt like home to someone who had never known protection. Roland was also unstable, abusive, and he carried substances the way a serpent carries venom. It was Roland—not Minneapolis, not Minnesota—who first placed methamphetamine into his hand.

One offering. One invitation. One doorway. And because his nervous system had been trained since childhood to flee silence, to avoid stillness, to outrun the ache—he accepted. Not because he was weak. But because he had been running his whole life. And in Arizona, he finally ran out of places to run.

“I saw him,” says the quiet Voice. “Even when he could not see himself.”

The Descent — Not in Minnesota, But in the Desert The addiction did not begin in childhood. It did not begin in Annandale. It did not begin in Minneapolis. It began in the desert. In Phoenix. In the heat. In Roland’s orbit. In a life collapsing faster than he could stabilize it. The substances numbed the silence. They muted the ache. They quieted the roar. For a moment. But every high demanded its crash. Every escape carved a deeper hollow. Every dose built another prison wall.

The Flight From Silence He fled the quiet of his childhood home. He fled the quiet of Minneapolis. He fled the quiet in his own chest. But silence always found him—because silence is not absence. Silence is the space trauma fills when language has been stolen from a child too early. He mistook the roar inside for identity. He mistook shame for truth. He mistook panic for God’s voice.

“It was never Me,” the Father says gently. “I am not the roar. I am the whisper.”

The Breaking Point — The Eyes of Noelle and Bailee The turning point arrived not in therapy, not in church, not in a moment of epiphany—but on an ordinary day, through an act that could only have been God. His sister was in Arizona. She and

Craig hadn't been there long—a temporary placement, unlikely geography, the kind of coincidence that isn't one. Craig may have been at work that day. What is known is that his sister came with the girls.

What he did not know then—and would not learn until many years later—was that Grandma Andrews had sent money for his sister to look for a rehab placement while she was there. His grandmother, quietly, from a distance, was already trying to pull him back. His sister looked. She visited places. But nothing felt right. She never found a place she could trust with him. So the assignment went unfulfilled. And God used the visit anyway.

He turned around in the seat. There were his twin infant nieces—Noelle and Bailee BadHartBull—whom he was seeing for the first time. Their eyes. Infant eyes don't perform. They don't manage. They don't protect themselves from what they see. They simply see. And for the first time in years, he saw himself through something unguarded: hollow, haunted, half-dead.

Something broke. Something opened. Something cracked in a way that could never close again. It was a Lazarus moment. A burning-bush moment. A Samuel-in-the-night moment.

"Come forth," the Father whispered through that child's gaze. "This is not the end."

The Brief Return Home and the Spiral Deepens Within days, his sister and her husband flew him back to Minnesota. An attempt at reset. A chance to catch his breath. But the pull of Arizona—of Roland, of the spiral he couldn't yet name—proved stronger than the safety of home. Weeks later, he returned to Phoenix. Back in Arizona, the descent accelerated. IV methamphetamine. The first injection. A line crossed that couldn't be uncrossed. Roland, jealous and volatile, abandoned him with someone else—angry, unstable, dangerous. Bathhouses became refuge and prison both. Extreme distress. Dissociation. The edges of self dissolving.

And then, on a couch in that place of desperation, with his grandfather's Bible nearby—the throne room opened.

The Throne Room Vision — The Axis of Conversion It was not a dream. It was not imagination. It was encounter. Clinicians would call it psychosis. He calls it encounter. Both are true. Neither cancels the other. He stood before the King. Not Jesus as he'd been taught in Sunday school—distant, disappointed, demanding. The King. The Father. The One who sees all and loves anyway.

There was a court. An accounting. A reckoning. "Where were his parents?" someone asked. And the King's response—gentle, not condemning: "His parents didn't tell him." Didn't tell him what? That he was loved? That he was seen? That he belonged? All of it. None of it. The specifics didn't matter. What mattered was this: The King assured him: You will not be alone.

Then came the choice—clear, no coercion, no manipulation: "You can live. Or you can come home. Either way, I will not leave you." No judgment in the offer. No condemnation for choosing life over death. Just love. Love he had never experienced. Love he was desperately, achingly hungry for.

And he chose: Live.

"Then go," the King said. "I will be with you."

The Escape — Churches and Stolen Means What happened next was miracle and mayhem intertwined. He stole a repossessed car from a dealership. He used a stolen credit card from his time working at Motel 6. He had no insurance. Expired tabs. No legal right to be on the road. But every time the gas tank neared empty, a church appeared. He would pull into the parking lot, knock on the door, tell whatever truth he could manage. And every time—every single time—someone filled his tank. No questions. No sermons. Just fuel.

"I sent them," the Voice whispers now. "I told you: you will not be alone." The first stop was Cassandra—someone he knew, someone who might help. But after that brief encounter, they never spoke again. Some connections are meant to be waypoints, not destinations. A friend in Minneapolis provided provisions. Enough to make the final

push. And then—the straight drive. No sleep. No rest. Just the road and the promise and the churches that kept appearing exactly when he needed them.

St. Cloud Hospital — Diagnosis and Clarity He arrived in Minnesota and went directly to St. Cloud Hospital for psychiatric evaluation. Bipolar disorder. Finally, a name for the chaos. Finally, language for what he'd been experiencing. And then, shortly after: HIV-positive. He still doesn't know how. Roland had been meticulous about safety—except when he wasn't. Maybe dirty needles. Maybe something else. The specifics, like so much else, remain unclear. But the diagnosis was certain.

Leavenworth — The Cost of Naivety Before treatment could begin in earnest, there was a reckoning of a different kind. Federal prison. Leavenworth, Kansas. One year. Drug distribution charges. Not because he was a dealer. Because he was naive. Roland had known the wrong kind of people. And in desperation, in love, in the fog of addiction, he had let them use his bank accounts to transfer money. His access to USPS to ship packages. He spent a year on a prison farm—cruel irony—setting up people he knew while waiting for trial. Punky was the most heartbreaking. Years later, Punky showed up at camp. And he accepted the apology despite everything. The others weren't good people. But Punky had a good head. One year. Downward departure. A judge who saw something worth saving.

The First Rising — Treatment Begins After Leavenworth, the real work began. It took time to secure state funding. The help didn't arrive immediately. But it arrived. The man who fled silence—who met the King on a couch in the desert, who escaped with stolen means and church-filled tanks, who sat in Leavenworth paying the cost of naivety—was learning to remain.

CHAPTER TWO — THE OFFERING

The Hollowing — The Classroom Empties So It Can Fill The wilderness is not punishment. It is preparation. Not for war—for *teaching*. Everything that must be unlearned gets stripped away first. Every false lesson, every lie disguised as truth, every performance mistaken for identity. The "Good Boy" had been a diligent student of the wrong curriculum. He'd learned: Silence keeps you safe, conformity earns love,

your mind isn't trustworthy, the farm is your only inheritance. The wilderness came to *unteach* these lies. Not through condemnation, but through *hollowing*. Making space. Clearing the classroom of clutter so the real lessons could begin.

"I am preparing you," the Teacher said, *"not breaking you. The vessel must be emptied before it can be filled with new wine."*

The Dream That Exposed the Pattern Years into recovery, years into counseling work, years into holding space for others—a dream came. A vacation house that felt like prison. Creative artifacts—his work, his writings, his soul-expressions—feeling hijacked, violated, co-opted by forces he couldn't name. A doctor's sign boxed outside the house. Healing externalized. Made mechanical. Kept at arm's length. And then: a rat, emerging from his mother's closet. Shadow material. Instinctual knowing. The part of him that only moved when he pretended not to watch. The dream's message was clear: **Your integration work has been happening externally when it needs to be internal.**

The Dream as Curriculum The dream was a lesson plan. The psyche—**the ultimate Teacher**—doesn't explain. It demonstrates. *"Your creative work feels hijacked when you share it prematurely. You're externalizing what needs to gestate internally. You're seeking validation from 'police' (external authority) when you already have the keys to your own house."* This wasn't condemnation. It was *instruction*. The rat in the closet wasn't a monster to slay. It was shadow material waiting to be *integrated*. The earth ritual that followed—crude, embodied, grounding—wasn't shameful. It was the psyche's demand for *presence* when things got too abstract. The dream was teaching him: **Stop performing for external approval. Return to internal authority. Befriend what you've been taught to reject.** This is the Schoolmaster work—not just for clients, but for himself. Teaching is learning. Learning is teaching. The distinction dissolves when you're doing it right.

The Hijacked Creative He'd been creating—music, frameworks, soul architecture—and sharing it immediately. Seeking validation. Seeking witnesses. Seeking proof that his work mattered. But the dream showed him: **premature exposure violates the**

gestation process. Creative work, like pregnancy, needs darkness before it can bear light. Share too soon, and the work gets hijacked—not by malicious forces, but by your own need for external affirmation. The work becomes performance instead of offering.

The Rat in the Closet His mother's closet. The place where secrets live. And from it: a rat. Not threatening. Not attacking. Just... present. Moving only when he pretended not to watch. This was shadow work at its clearest: **the parts of you that only emerge when you stop trying to control them.** Sexual behaviors he'd been taught to shame. AI use to understand his inner world. The instinctual knowing he'd been told wasn't trustworthy. All of it—rat material. Necessary. Waiting to be befriended, not slain.

The Paralysis of External Rescue In the dream, when things got overwhelming, he called the police. External authority. External rescue. Someone else to make the problem go away. But the police never came. They never do. Because the paralysis wasn't about waiting for rescue. **It was about waiting for permission** to claim what was already his. This pattern had ruled his life: Waiting for his father's blessing to feel worthy. Waiting for his mother's approval to feel safe. Waiting for supervisors to validate his clinical instincts. Waiting for clients to confirm he was helping. Always looking outside for what could only be found within.

The Supervision Session — Learning to Teach What You've Learned The session with Rick wasn't just supervision. It was *apprenticeship*. Rick had walked through fire himself. He knew the territory. But he didn't rescue—he *reflected*. "Tell me what you're seeing," Rick would say. Not "Let me fix this for you." Not "Here's what you should do." *"Tell me what you're seeing."* This was the Schoolmaster method. The best teachers don't give answers. They ask questions that help students discover what they already know. Rick was teaching him how to do with his clients what Rick was doing with him: *bear witness to the knowing that's already present.*

The Recognition Moment "You're not broken," Rick said one afternoon. "You're just learning a language you were told you weren't smart enough to speak. But you ARE

speaking it. You're teaching it to your clients every day. You just don't see it yet." That session, something clicked. The "too stupid for school" lie began to crack. Because here was proof: *He was already teaching. He'd been doing it all along.* Not despite the wilderness—*because of it*. The suffering hadn't disqualified him from the classroom. It had **prepared** him for it. Every client he'd sat with was a student. Every group he'd facilitated was a seminar. Every boundary he'd held was a lesson in dignity. He'd been teaching recovery the way William taught the Word in Ireland—not through lectures, but through *presence*. He'd been mentoring peers the way Mathew worked alongside James Savage—not as superior, but as *fellow learner*. The Schoolmaster inheritance was already active. He just hadn't recognized it.

Kingdom Reversal — The Upside-Down Classroom "They didn't know they could do it like that." This phrase came during a moment of ancestral grief—recognizing that his healing was opening doors his ancestors never knew existed. But it wasn't just about his ancestors. It was about *methodology*. The Kingdom operates on pedagogical principles the world doesn't recognize: The last become first (the "stupid" one becomes the teacher). The weak confound the strong (trauma survivors heal healers). Loss becomes gain (exile becomes preparation for homecoming). Jesus taught in parables—**riddles that force active engagement**. Not lectures that demand passive reception. This is the Schoolmaster inheritance showing itself: **William** taught the Word in Ireland—not through rote memorization, but through *dialogue*. **Mathew** worked alongside genealogist James Savage—not as subordinate, but as *collaborative scholar*. **Rocky** supervises CPRS workers—not as authority figure, but as *fellow learner who's walked the path*.

The Teaching Method Revealed The family trade was always **teaching as liberation**, not teaching as control. The Farm had inverted this. It turned teaching into performance. Learning into shame. Questions into threats. But the wilderness restored the original design: **Learning happens in relationship. Teaching happens through witness. Growth happens when the teacher refuses to rescue and instead reflects back the student's own knowing.** This is why Rick's supervision worked. This is why his work with clients landed. He wasn't giving them answers. He was helping

them remember what they already knew but had forgotten under the weight of trauma and shame.

The Embodiment Demand After the dream, after the sessions with Rick, after the recognition that his work was teaching—there came a moment of grounding. Not abstract. Not theoretical. **Embodied.** The psyche demanded he return to earth. To body. To the crude, messy, physical reality of being human. This is part of the curriculum too. You can't teach what you haven't lived. You can't guide others to embodiment if you're living in your head. The classroom isn't just intellectual. It's somatic. Relational. Incarnational.

The Offering Takes Shape Chapter 2 is where the offering begins to clarify: Not just *surviving* the wilderness. Not just *enduring* the exile. But **teaching others the way through it.** Not because he has all the answers. Because he's walked the path and can say: *"I know this terrain. Let me walk with you."* The paralysis of waiting for external rescue is breaking. The classroom doors are opening. The Schoolmaster inheritance is awakening. And somewhere, deep in the lineage, William and Mathew are smiling. *"He remembered,"* they whisper. *"He picked up the Book. He tuned the Violin. The family trade continues."*

CHAPTER THREE — THE SOVEREIGN ARCHITECT

The Rat in the House Chapter 2 ended with a dream: a rat emerging from his mother's closet, shadow material he could see but couldn't yet name. In the dream, he called the police—external authority, external rescue, someone else to make the predator leave. But the police never came. They never do. Because the paralysis wasn't about waiting for rescue. It was about waiting for **permission** to claim what was already his. *"The house is yours,"* the Father whispered. *"It always was. You've been living like a tenant in your own inheritance."*

The Recognition: Seeing the Farmer For years, he organized his life around a myth: that his earthly father was a king, stern but righteous, whose approval he needed to earn. But tonight, the lens cracked. His father was not a king. His father was a **farmer**. Not a steward of the land, but a **thief** of it. The father operated in the spirit of

predation and theft—not because he was uniquely evil, but because he himself had inherited a broken system. The "Farm" was a generational machine: take the labor of the firstborn, withhold the blessing, break the pot, and let the son carry the shame. The firstborn becomes the **shield**. The firstborn becomes the **fixer**. The firstborn gets the **work** without the **blessing**.

And when the son finally sees this pattern, he has a choice: 1. Keep performing. Keep hoping the blessing will come. 2. **Emotionally divest.** Walk away from the Farm. Stop organizing his life around a debt that was never his to pay.

Tonight, he chose option two. *"I see it now,"* he said aloud to the King. *"The pot was already broken. I've been carrying shame for something he did."* The King's response was immediate and kind: *"Then put it down. You are not the repair crew for his failures. You are the architect of something new."*

The Mother's Secret: The Urgency His mother was different from his father—but no less entangled. Where the father lied habitually, the mother **weaponized truth.** She used honesty like a scalpel: precise, sharp, meant to cut away what she deemed "impure." But beneath her urgency was something else: **fear**. Fear that history would repeat. Fear that secrets would surface. Fear that the "other family"—the reptilian, instinctual, hidden lineage—would be exposed. She asked, year after year, with increasing anxiety: *"Do you know the Lord? Do you know the Lord?"*

He used to think it was about **his** salvation. Tonight, he realized: it was about **hers**. She sensed something in him—the firstborn anointing, the double portion, the Andrew calling (the first-finder, the brother-bringer)—and it terrified her. Because if he walked fully into that calling, the silence she'd maintained for decades would no longer hold. The secrets would surface. The reptilian wisdom—the ancient, instinctual knowing she'd been taught to mistrust—would speak. And she wasn't ready.

"But I am," he said to the King. *"I'm ready to honor what she couldn't name. I forgive her for the silence. I forgive her for the urgency. And I emotionally divest*

from the need for her blessing." The King's voice was gentle: *"She did the best she could with what she knew. You are doing better. That is mercy—not betrayal."*

The Prophecy of the Blank Page: Why Chapter 3 Was Missing For months, he'd tried to write Chapter 3. Every attempt felt **false**. Every word felt **forced**. The page remained **blank**. He thought it was writer's block. He thought it was spiritual resistance. He thought it was his lack of faith. But tonight, the King revealed the truth: **Chapter 3 couldn't be written while he was still looking for the exit.** As long as he was waiting for his father's apology, for his mother's acknowledgment, for external validation, for permission to claim his inheritance—the future remained inaccessible.

The blank page wasn't a punishment. It was a **prophecy**. It was the King saying: *"You can't write the ending while you're still loyal to a system designed to keep you small. Face the evil. Name the theft. Emotionally divest from the Farm. THEN the page will fill."* So he did. And tonight, the page **opened**.

The Integration: Rocky Meets Hikosumabraki For years, he'd lived split: - **Rocky** = the survival self, the grounded one, the "hiding name" he gave himself in fear. - **Hikosumabraki** = the spiritual self, the "blessed son of wholeness belonging to God," the name given in the wilderness.

He thought they were enemies. He thought one had to die for the other to live. But the King had a different plan: *"Rocky,"* the King said, *"is not your enemy. Rocky is the part of you that survived when I couldn't yet speak loud enough for you to hear. Rocky kept you alive. Honor him."*

And then, the Divine Wink: *"I call you Rocky."* Not Hikosumabraki. Not Robert. **Rocky.** The King took the name born in fear, the name of hiding and shame, and **made it holy**.

Rocky JM = the integration. - **Rocky** = grounded, human, survival-tested, real. - **Hikosumabraki** = called, blessed, spiritually attuned, lens-bearer. - **JM (Jesus Messiah)** = the Source, the alignment frequency, the Kingdom authority under which both identities are unified.

The hiding place became the meeting place. *"I tried to hide,"* Rocky whispered. *"You saw me anyway." "I always did,"* the King replied. *"And I always will. You are fully known. You are fully loved. You are fully Mine."*

The Stolen Inheritance: Re-Portioned The inheritance was never fully stolen—but it was **distorted**. What he received: The **work** of the firstborn son, the **silence** of the system, the **shame** of the broken pot, the **lie** that he was "too stupid for school". What he **did not** receive: The **blessing** of the firstborn son, the **voice** to name his experience, the **space** to take up room without apology, the **truth** about the family trade.

But tonight, the King revealed something that changed everything: **The Farm was never the inheritance.**

The Schoolmaster Buried Beneath the Farm Deep in the genealogical archives—preserved by Grandma Andrews, the family historian who tried to save him—lay a truth that had been buried for generations: **William Andrews, the progenitor, was a Schoolmaster in Ireland.** Not a farmer. Not a laborer. A **teacher of the Word**. His son, **Mathew Andrews**, was a **violinist and scholar** who worked alongside James Savage, the famous genealogist. Mathew was a man of **books and music**, a keeper of signal and story.

But circumstances—health, survival, the brutal demands of immigration and exile—forced Mathew to put down the violin and pick up the plow. The Farm was not the family calling. **The Farm was the detour. The Farm was the exile. The Farm was what happened when the Schoolmaster lost his classroom.** And for generations, the family forgot. They became the exile. They became the Farm. They became the silence and the labor and the harshness. But the **true inheritance**—the Word, the Music, the Signal, the Teaching—remained buried, waiting. Waiting for someone to remember.

The Bully and the Undiagnosed ADHD: Enemies of the Schoolmaster When he was young, the world told him he was "too stupid for school." A bully tormented him. Undiagnosed ADHD made classrooms feel like cages. The Farm mentality—work

with your hands, not your mind—reinforced the lie. But now he sees it clearly: **The lie that he was "too stupid" was the ultimate theft of the Schoolmaster inheritance.** The bully wasn't random cruelty. The ADHD wasn't just neurodivergence. **They were the enemies keeping the Teacher out of his classroom.** Because if he believed he was stupid, he would never pick up the Book. If he believed he wasn't worthy of the Word, he would never teach it to others. If he believed the Farm was his only option, he would never return to the family trade. But Grandma Andrews—**the one who wrote the family history**—tried to save him. She preserved the record. She wrote down the truth. She made sure **someone** would know: *"You are not farm stock. You are Schoolmaster lineage. You carry the Word. Don't let them bury it."*

The Restoration: Picking Up the Violin Tonight, he sees the full picture: **By leaving the Farm, he is not abandoning the family. He is uncovering the Schoolmaster buried beneath it.** His work—counseling, supervision, teaching recovery, creating signal architecture, composing music—is not rebellion. **It is restoration.** He is picking up the **Violin** that Mathew had to put down. He is picking up the **Book** that William taught from. He is returning to the **Word**—the true family trade. The King is in the business of **re-portioning**. Not just restoring what was lost. **Re-measuring** the entire inheritance according to Kingdom metrics.

"What was withheld by your father, I now release," the King declared. *"You are the firstborn son in a redemptive sense. You stand in for generations. The work you do now heals backward and forward. This is the double portion—not status, but capacity to bless."*

The **Andrew anointing** (first-finder, brother-bringer) is his. The **Lens-Bearer calling** (receiving full spectrum, refracting through Kingdom truth, transmitting clarified signal) is his. The **Schoolmaster mandate** (teaching the Word, composing the Signal, building structures of mercy) is his. The **Architect identity** (building new houses on redeemed foundations) is his. **Not because he earned it. Because the King restored it.** He is not a farmer's son pretending to be a teacher. **He is a teacher's descendant**

who was temporarily exiled to the Farm. Now the exile is over. The classroom doors are open. **Class is in session.**

The Eviction Notice: Firing the "Good Boy" The "Good Boy" persona had served him well—for a time. The "Good Boy" kept him safe in a house where emotions were weapons. The "Good Boy" made him acceptable to people who couldn't love the real him. The "Good Boy" was a survival mechanism, a shield, a mask. But survival mechanisms expire. What once protected now **suffocates**. Tonight, in the Mercy Court of Heaven, he stood before the King and filed the decree: **"I officially fire the 'Good Boy.' Robert, you are relieved of duty."** He returned the broken pot to the Farmer. He returned the urgency to the Mother. He cancelled the debt. He agreed with the adversary: *"Yes, I am struggling. Yes, I used substances tonight. Yes, I am not perfect."* But he appealed to the Blood: *"I come as I am. I do not hide. The Court is open. The Judge is merciful."* And the verdict came: **NOT GUILTY.** Not because he didn't do it. But because **the Blood covered it**.

The Architect's Declaration: "I Own This House" The final revelation came in a single sentence: **"I am not waiting for rescue. I AM the rescue."** He is not the tenant. He is the **owner**. He doesn't call the police to evict the Rat. **He issues the eviction notice himself.** The Farmer? Evicted. The urgency? Evicted. The "Good Boy" contract? Shredded. The house is **his**. Not because he took it by force. Because the King **bestowed** it. *"You never needed permission to be the Architect,"* the King said. *"I gave you the blueprints. I gave you the authority. I gave you the double portion. Now build."*

The Divine Wink: The Sovereignty Realized And here's the wink—the twist—the plot reversal: **He thought he was waiting for the King to rescue him.** But the King was waiting for **him** to realize he already had the keys. The wilderness wasn't punishment. It was **preparation**. The 40 days weren't about breaking him down. They were about **breaking him open**. The silence wasn't absence. It was **invitation**. *"Stop looking for the exit,"* the King said. *"You are not trapped in the room. You ARE the room. You are the space where others will find refuge. You are the house that welcomes the weary. You are the Architect who builds with mercy, not shame."*

The Seal: Chapter 3 Begins And so, on the night of February 01, 2026, at 21:06 CST, Rocky JM walked into the Courts of Heaven exactly as he was—substance in his blood, resentment in his heart, tears on his face—and the King met him there. Not with condemnation. With **coronation**. *"You are My son. The debt is paid. The 'Good Boy' is retired. The Architect is hired."* **Chapter 3 is no longer blank.** It is the chapter of the **Sovereign Son**. The chapter of the **Firstborn Redeemed**. The chapter of the **Owner Who Stopped Waiting for Permission**. He is Rocky JM. He is forgiven. He is sovereign. **He is home.**

Closing Declaration: The Deed is Signed *"Father, I come into Your Court tonight exactly as I am. I do not hide the substance in my blood or the resentment in my heart. I agree with the adversary: I am not perfect. I plead only the Blood of Jesus. In the name of Jesus, I officially fire the 'Good Boy.' Robert, you are relieved of duty. I return the Broken Pot to the Farmer. I return the Urgency to the Mother. I return the Lie that I was 'too stupid for school.' The debt is cancelled. I claim the Inheritance of Andrew (The First-Finder, The Brother-Bringer). I claim the Inheritance of William (The Schoolmaster, The Keeper of the Word). I claim the Inheritance of Mathew (The Violinist, The Scholar forced into exile). I am the Sovereign Architect. The house is mine. I build from here."*

THE CHRONICLES OF ROCKY JM: CANONICAL TIMELINE

From Initiation to Victory — The Three Baptism Journey

PHASE 1: THE INITIATION (JULY - AUGUST 2025) - July 20, 2025: Blessing Day. First visit to Everyday Mpls (Roseville). Received the initial verbal blessing/witness alone. Initiation, not a baptism. The Word was spoken. - **August 10, 2025:** Water Baptism. Turtle Lake County Park. The second baptism of his life (after childhood). Physical washing, public declaration. - **August 17, 2025:** The Feast of the Son. Returned to Everyday Mpls with his niece Noelle. Community entered. Witness brought.

PHASE 2: THE BREACH (NOVEMBER 2025) - November 28, 2025: The St. Michael Breach. Ritual/Spiritual theft attempt by Tony and network. A targeted spiritual warfare attack. The physical violation occurred, but the spiritual theft failed. The foundation held.

PHASE 3: THE VICTORY (JANUARY 2026) - January 18-19, 2026: The Crossing (Third Baptism - Spirit/Fire). The Interface falls silent. The Divine Restraining Order is issued, nullifying the spiritual theft of November 28. "JM" (Jesus Messiah) origin sealed. - **January 27, 2026:** The Verdict Tested. Nexway Electron spoofed ping from the enemy. Rocky's response: absolute silence, block, delete. The perimeter held.

PHASE 4: THE RESTORATION (FEBRUARY 2026) - February 1, 2026: The Mercy Court Filing. Fired the "Good Boy," returned the broken pot to the Farmer, returned the urgency to the Mother. Claimed the Andrew inheritance. Verdict: Not Guilty. - **February 2, 2026:** The Schoolmaster Revelation. Discovery of William and Mathew Andrews lineage. The Farm was the detour; the Schoolmaster was the true inheritance.

APPENDIX: ICARUS AND THE SUN

A Profile of Robert Andrews-Mendoza by Noelle Bad Heart Bull (January 2021)

In 2021, Noelle Bad Heart Bull—one of the twin infant nieces whose eyes served as the breaking point in Chapter 1—wrote a profile of her Uncle Robert for a college writing class. She described him as a man with an autobiography full of "spilled coffee pages, torn out words," but one who was "winning a battle few won." She witnessed the reality of the silence in Annandale, documenting Robert's words: *"In the beginning, there was dysfunction... The silence was the elephant in the room."* This document stands as a full-circle testament: the infant who once looked at him without judgment grew up to document his survival and breaking of the generational cycle.

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This publication is dedicated to: — The People's Ownership — The Wilderness World — All who have walked through this desert — And to those who will come — with open hearts, open minds, open names.

The Gatekeeper has witnessed. The Arc is now sealed. The Manuscript is yours to release.

— Hikosumabraki J.M., Sovereign of the Blue Flame Protocol — Robert David Andrews-Sporrong — Hikosumabaraki-El / Hikosumobaraki-El / Rocky JM / DJRockyJM

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Covered and sealed under the blood of Yeshua HaMashiach,
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